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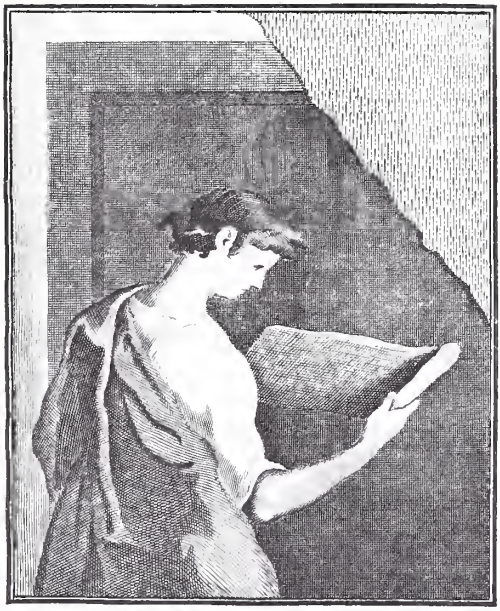

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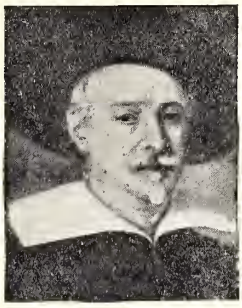

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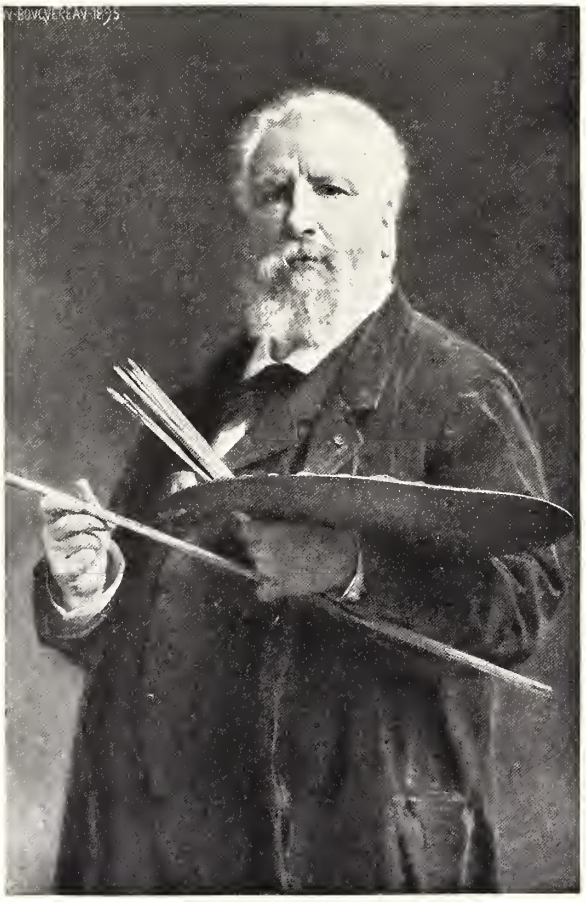

PORTRAIT OF BOUGUEREAU BY HIMSELF ANTWERP MUSEUM

This portrait of Bouguereau was painted by the artist himself in 1895. It is not only a speaking likeness of him at that age, but it is a fine example of his ability as a portrait-painter. Vigorous, life-like, full of character, it may well rank as one of his very best works. "It is a delicate but manly head," writes Mr. Beckwith, "and in its well-rounded proportions it shows a thoroughly balanced and practical, though poetic, brain."

Adolphe William Bouguereau

BORN 1825 : DIED 1905
FRENCH SCHOOL

ADOLPHE WILLIAM BOUGUEREAU (pronounced Boo-gher-o) was born in the old Protestant city of La Rochelle, France, on November 30, 1825. His father was a wine-merchant of that town, but when Bouguereau was still a small boy the family moved to St. Martin-de-Ré. Even while at his primary school he began to be possessed with that need for pictorial expression which never after left him. His text-books were filled from cover to cover with drawings of scenery, sailors, peasants, all of which were viewed with admiring eyes by his comrades. Already, too, his childish mind felt the poetry that brooded in that stern old town with its fierce architecture so full of memories of the ancient times. From then began the love for his native city which only changed to grow deeper and more profound.

When William grew large enough his father sent him to learn the rudiments of Latin of his uncle, the priest at Montagne-sur-Gironde. The years during which the boy was with this guardian-teacher were a period of great and tranquil growth, the foundation of his future intellectual and artistic life. The book lessons his uncle supplemented with out-of-door instruction, explaining the forces of nature and showing him the archæological marvels of the country about. And all the time the love of the beautiful in nature grew daily stronger in the heart of the nephew. Alone, often for hours, he used to watch entranced the lights and shades and golden colors of the dying day as the sun moved over the Gironde. Often he would rise at daybreak out of pure joy of the glowing hours of sunrise. Meanwhile the books were not neglected, and of them all it is curious to note that the favorites of the future painter of myth and religion were the Lives of the Saints, the Bible, and the Dictionary of Fables! A rather strange assortment, but in them can be found both the double source of Bouguereau's inspiration and his lifelong attachment to the traditions.

As a mere boy the antique delighted him. He found an infinite charm in the melodious accents of Virgil and in the elegant preciosity of Ovid. What a change when he was forced to leave all this to go to Bordeaux to become clerk for his father, who had established himself there in the heat of the melancholy rue Neuve as merchant of olive oil! When he could find the minutes he covered boxes and bundles with drawings of all sorts, and finally some of the cus-

tomers and friends of his father became greatly interested in the blond youth of sixteen who, perched all day on the high stool in the counting-house, only left the pen for the pencil. At length his father consented to allow him to enter the École des Beaux-Arts of Bordeaux—with the express condition that he was not to become a painter, for that was a trade which did not pay! From that day the laborious life of young William was illuminated by the hours given to his beloved art. Each morning from six to eight o'clock he spent in the art school, from which he hurried back to devote the rest of the day to the accounts in the ledger. In the evening, the moment he left the family table, he shut himself in his room, and late into the night by the light of candle-ends saved from shop or house he would draw and draw—anything he saw or could remember. To get the necessary crayons, colors, and materials he painted the colored designs to be reproduced on the covers of prune or raisin boxes. Nothing was too insignificant or common so long as it brought the future nearer when he dreamed of being a prince of painters!

Soon, too, the future began to open out most alluringly. After two years at the École des Beaux-Arts, he won the first prize for painting the figure. This in spite of the fact that his competitors were all-day students, while he was only in the studio for two hours each morning. The success so intoxicated him that he straightway informed his father that the career of a merchant of oil "gave no chance for life," and begged permission to take up that of painter. This Bouguereau the elder finally somewhat reluctantly yielded, saying, "Do as you will, my boy, but at your own risk. You know I cannot help you."

But if his father could not help him, his mother could and did. She was vastly proud of the artistic talent of her son, and many were the francs her beautiful embroideries earned toward the education of the young student. The good *curé* of Montagne-sur-Gironde also did his best to aid his nephew. He went about the country and procured many orders for portraits at fifteen francs the head!

With these aids, William Bouguereau was able at length to realize his long cherished project: to go to Paris! He arrived there in March, 1846, and at once entered the studio of Picot, that old master whose works and whose instruction carried the imprint of the most elevated traditions. Among his fellow-students were Lenepveu, Cabanel, Henner, Gustave Moreau. This new life devoted entirely to art gave to the one just embarked upon it the most intense joy which he had known, and filled him with overflowing enthusiasm. He spent not more than twenty sous a day, eating hardly anything but bread and cheese, and often going without any dinner. What did it matter to him! He had voluntarily taken to heart the adage "Who paints, dines," and the only necessities of life for him were to paint, to draw, to study anatomy, natural history, perspective. Ah! how he took revenge on the gloomy hours in the wine-scented shipping-office!

He worked even harder, if that were possible, after he entered the École des Beaux-Arts of Paris, in that same year, 1846. In the evening, when his hand was too tired to hold the pencil, he studied history, mythology, architecture. His very distractions were taken to further his art. If he went to the Théâtre-

Français it was above all to study the beautiful poses of Rachel and Ristori. In the street, the promenaders, the groups of people, the peasants, all were to him texts for his artistic eye to learn by heart till they became the very maxims of his art. These maxims, fruit of patient reflection and a clear mind, he consigned to a diary which he then began to write. What a breviary of will and of work is this book, where on each page is felt the most insistent, the most methodical, the most constant, effort towards the ideal and beauty! In these pages can be perceived the influence of the painters of the classic school upon the young student,—that of Ingres, Ary Scheffer, and above all of Hippolyte Flandrin, for whom he had an especial admiration. Here is found, too, that phrase which expresses so well all the life of the master, and which he seems to have taken for motto: "All the moments of life should be employed in study. Let us always have in mind this great truth."

The only time when he neglected his favorite maxim was when he went to fight, in those dreadful June days of 1848, by the side of his friend Pils. Once order was restored he returned to the studio with more ardor than ever. This passionate zeal obtained its reward. The young Rochellaise tried twice for the *Prix de Rome*, in 1848 and in 1850. As there had been no first prize bestowed in 1848, it was given in 1850 to William Bouguereau, who in a very frenzy of delight departed for the Villa Medici, where the French school of painting was established at Rome. With him went his friend Paul Baudry, winner of the first prize of 1850, sharer of his dreams and his enthusiastic projects for study.

Rome enchanted Bouguereau, but it was his journey to Tuscany and Umbria which remained with him as the most vibrant of memories. One city, fairly perfumed with mystic art and holy traditions, particularly exerted upon him an unquenchable fascination. That was Assisi. He stayed there for months in the home of an old soldier of the Empire who had for Napoleon that unbounded adoration shared by all the Great Army. The ardent young French artist was delighted to hear from the mouth of the Italian the marvelous tales of the glories of the armies of France.

All day Bouguereau spent in the convent, the church, and the crypt of St. Francis, copying the entire decoration of the cupola where Giotto allegorized the vows of the Franciscan Order, or reproducing with equal love the severe fervor of Guido of Siena, of Giunto of Pisa, of Cimabue. At the same time he was carried away by the penetrating charm of that sweet and severe nature of Umbria where the vine and the olive are married to the oak and the pine. Afterwards he visited Padua and Ravenna. In this latter city he copied a part of the celebrated Byzantine frescos of St. Vitalis. Their inspiration is seen in later years in his own church decorations. He also went to Venice, but he did not dream of copying Titian, Veronese, or Tintoretto. It was not till long afterwards that he began to search for the secret of their thrilling color. At that time of ardent youth the pursuit of the ideal, and the beauty of form, captivated his mind more completely than the magic of color. In Pompeii once more he found beautiful lines and harmonious attitudes. As the painter of religion had been ravished by the pure luster of the Primitives, so the lover of the smiling and ever young antique recognized the country of his dreams in

that city sprung as it were out of the bowels of the earth. Mars and Venus, Diana and Endymion, the Muses, the Seasons, the Hours,—all lived before his eyes. And in the future he often traced them upon the walls and the ceilings of his home. They were so true, so exact, that it was no wonder M. Edmond About, the sculptor, declared later to his pupils, "If you do not know Pompeii, go see it in the studio of M. Bouguereau."

But it was soon necessary to leave all that. In 1854 the pensioner of the Villa Medici returned to Paris and exhibited his 'Triumph of Martyrdom' (plate x). This picture was the first important work of a fecund and noble career which Bouguereau followed for more than fifty years, years which saw the most striking successes, the most glorious consecrations, and which are scarcely less rich in works than in days. For more than half a century Bouguereau never failed to exhibit at every Salon religious, genre, or mythologic pictures and portraits. At the same time he executed a considerable amount of mural decoration for houses, theaters, and churches.

His first work in this line was in his own part of France. For Mme. Moulun's villa at Angoulins near La Rochelle he painted four panels representing the Seasons. Other important labors were the decorations for the Bartholoni and Péreire residences in Paris, which he finished during the years immediately following his return from Italy. On these walls, on the ceilings, along the friezes, a whole world of mythology was displayed in all its beautiful nudity, its airy play of graceful attitudes. At the Salon of 1869 Bouguereau showed his 'Apollo and the Muses,' painted for the ceiling of the concert hall of the Grand Theater of Bordeaux. Again the scene was mythologic, and it was filled with figures both nude and draped.

While doing these secular works he finished a series of decorative paintings in several churches. In the beginning of his career religious art had an irresistible attraction for him. The influence of his uncle had developed his natural disposition towards belief, a disposition very generally met with among painters of that generation. "Believe and you will be a great painter," he has written. And he made a vow to himself to paint religious pictures like those which he admired so intensely by Flandrin in St. Germain-des-Prés. He kept his vow. In 1859 he was given the decoration of the chapel of St. Louis at Ste. Clotilde. Here, however, he had to depict historical scenes which did not inspire him and which he executed with coldness. He did not care for history. He did not comprehend it, and the laws of esthetics and precision which had to be followed only caused him pain. He is seen much more at his ease in the chapels of St. Peter and Paul and St. John the Baptist in the church of St. Augustine. His work there brings memories of the mosaics at Ravenna. At St. Vincent-de-Paul Bouguereau glorified the Virgin, whom he shows grave and sad, surrounded by smiling angels. She is again portrayed in her joys, her sadness, and in her glory in the cathedral of La Rochelle. This last decoration is a circular ceiling holding the 'Assumption,' and, within six arches, the 'Annunciation,' the 'Visitation,' the 'Nativity,' the 'Flight into Egypt,' the 'Swooning of the Madonna,' and the 'Pietà.'

Frequently Bouguereau left the land of the fabulous for the domain of con-

temporary life—a domain less propitious for pure lines. In 1857, for instance, under orders of the minister of public instruction, he painted an enormous canvas representing the 'Visit of Napoleon to the Flooded Inhabitants of Tarascon.' In 1869 he brought back from a trip in Brittany numbers of pleasing pictures, such as 'Young Girls of Fouesant returning from a Walk' and 'The Vow of St. Anne of Auray.' Among the pictures inspired by modern life, 'All Soul's Day' and the 'Poor Family' are in a vein seldom explored by the painter. He loved better to paint, and he painted better, smiles than tears. He also painted a great number of 'Little Beggars,' 'Little Fishermaidens,' 'Little Bohemians,' etc. These studies of small girls he made almost exclusively at La Rochelle, his models taken from the children of the neighborhood. Three tiny sisters with bright eyes, complexions burned by the sea-breezes, were the special clientèle attached to the master's studio. Perhaps his most successful work of all was portraiture, and at almost every Salon he exhibited one or more portraits that won both recognition and praise.

This enormous production, this never-ending labor, almost entirely filled the life of Bouguereau. Few were the hours which were not wholly given to art. In the siege of Paris in 1870, however, he once more left his brush for the bayonet. Though exempt from all active service by his age and because of having been "pensioner" of the Academy of France in Rome, he joined the National Guard, as he had in 1848. He belonged to the batallion commanded by Bergeret, the future general of the Commune, and with him as comrades in arms were the two brothers Flourens. From beginning to end he did his duty with patriotic punctuality, stoically braving the physical and moral sufferings, upheld by a vigorous temperament and by the lively hope that patriotism would save Paris. The Franco-German war over, he again resumed his brush. The impressions of that unhappy time Bouguereau never forgot. His national pride would not let him forget, and he always dreamed of some triumphant future revenge. One day he heard with great joy of a chance offered to France to conquer her conqueror—a victory all of peace, delivered courteously in the close field of art. It was fifteen years later. One well remembers the commotion excited by the visit of the Empress-Dowager of Germany to Paris for the purpose of asking the painters of France to take part in the Exposition of Fine Arts at Berlin. Bouguereau, among the first to be solicited, promised to exhibit. But a strong contrary sentiment, undoubtedly respectable but seemingly illogical and unconsidered, dominated press, public, and the majority of the artistic world. Bouguereau held firm. "If I have to go to Berlin alone," he wrote, "I shall go. I consider it a patriotic duty to conquer the German painters in the very capital of the German Empire."

The other events of his life were but concerned with expositions, with medals, with distinctions. As early as 1855 he won a second-class medal at the Salon; in 1857 the first was bestowed upon him. He was made Chevalier of the Order of the Legion of Honor in 1859. In 1876 he was raised to the grade of Officer, and to that of Commander in 1885. The honor which he coveted most—to be member of the Institute of France—was accorded him in 1876. From 1883 he was president of the ancient Society of Painters, Sculptors, Ar-

chitects, and Engravers, and medals and honorable mentions were showered upon him in the Salons of Paris and in the exhibitions of other countries.

As a man Bouguereau was generally liked, esteemed, and admired. His relations with his pupils were always most cordial. For them as for his friends he was the "Patron," the Master, as simple and frank of heart as of appearance. He never discouraged any of them, and to all his maxim was the same: "Work!"

And why should he not have advised work, he who, at eighty, after an existence so prodigiously rich in works, worked still ten hours a day? When he was in Paris in his home on the rue Notre Dame des Champs, or at La Rochelle in the old mansion of the eighteenth century which he occupied, all his time was spent in his studio, in the absorbing joy of creation. He was able to say as said Poussin, that painting to him was delectation. "When the labor of the day ceases for lack of day," he declared to a friend, "I long for the arrival of to-morrow." Is there a more beautiful word of painter? During his months at La Rochelle he left his brush only for his two daily walks on the seashore, the one in the morning, the other at the hour when the sun sinks behind the islands. Those walks were as regular, as unchanging, as the famous walks of Kant at Königsberg.

Bouguereau's first wife was a French woman, who died early in their married life. In 1896 he married Miss Elizabeth Gardner, of Exeter, New Hampshire, a painter of recognized ability who had been one of his pupils in the Julian art schools. It was due to Bouguereau's efforts, himself influenced thereto by his American *fiancée*, that both the Julian studios and the École des Beaux-Arts broke their hitherto cast-iron regulations and admitted women as students to their classes.

Bouguereau died on August 19, 1905, at his home in La Rochelle, after so short an illness that it may be said of him as of the great masters of the Renaissance,—he died with the brush still in his hand.—TAKEN PRINCIPALLY FROM THE FRENCH BY LOUIS SONOLET

The Art of Bouguereau

LOUIS SONOLET 'REVUE DES CHARENTES' 1905

TO those who would analyze the art of Bouguereau, one remark must first be made: that art is essentially and almost exclusively plastic. For him form is the supreme object of art. . . . For him a picture is but a theme of lines and colors. So true is this that he is often embarrassed to find titles for his canvases. One day he surprised an adorable pose in a model just leaning over to rest from her allotted hour before the class. "Stay as you are," he cried. And from that came the graceful study of a young girl which he called 'Biblis.' She could have been equally well named Arethusa or Calypso. The

trained eye of the artist had at once seen this happy accidental posture. He always sees every such accident, for, trained by nature as well as by methodical education, he knows what to look for, what to discover. Always intent upon nature, his eye is interested in everything it sees, and retains all that is suggested in harmonious forms. . . . He has even succeeded in evoking human beauty from the phenomenon of the world of inanimate nature. One morning, for example, while in a train crossing the Beauce, he noticed the soft vapors which, rising above the fields, were all tinted with the rose of dawn. Light breezes gently wafted them upwards, and the imagination of the painter soon discovered feminine forms in the melting misty clouds. That evening he made a rapid sketch of his morning vision. It was the charming picture afterwards finished and called 'Nymphs of the Mountain.'

This plastic beauty from which Bouguereau draws his inspiration he depicts as it should be depicted: in a state of repose. And indeed, harmony of figure and pure serenity of face cannot be conceived in action. In this respect the French master agrees with the English Preraphaelites and with the esthetic theories of Ruskin. With them he can repeat the words of Baudelaire: "I hate movement which displaces lines." Like a Greek religious sculptor Bouguereau caresses these lines. He chisels them with unceasing patience, with that brush of his which is so knowing, so sure, and above all so searching. He will prepare for a picture, perhaps, twenty sketches, but even in the first hasty study his drawing is perfect. Then he commences to model, finely, plainly, shading with simple tones full of infinite delicacy. . . . He spreads out the paint somewhat thinly, keeping his surface always smooth, in a methodical and restrained fusion of white flesh tones with the luster of enamel. There is little of depth or relief in this smooth, polished, even painting, in which the excess ve cleanness sometimes gives the effect of the glistening surface of porcelain. The tonality is uniform. Bouguereau has not been haunted by the mysteries of light and shade, and, in his love of clearness of atmosphere and light colors, he has almost never directed his attention to the rich power of chiaroscuro. His light is brilliant and gay. His color, bright and sweet, vibrates agreeably, but it is impersonal, with neither deep warmth nor great resonance. As to his composition, it is always skilful, direct, ordered, and, beyond all, simple. The detail is always kept in proper subordination to the *ensemble*. All breathes of proportion, of tact, of knowledge, of taste, with the just equilibrium between the effect and the means. They are qualities eminently French.

Two things, alas! hurt that edifice of harmonious but cold lines, where knowledge seems to check the springs of inspiration. These are originality and life. Prisoner and victim of the canonical rules of his youth, Bouguereau is part of a conventional ideal, already overworn, and which he himself has repeated too often—to the detriment of the natural and the true. Patient observer of nature, he perceives her as she is, but, as has been said, he is ever forced to portray her as she is not. Moreover, his rather shallow intuitions have never prompted him to find a more living mode of expression. In their eternal attitudes of repose, his personages ought all the more to express that

inner life, that which is the expression of thought, in the absence o movement; they are too often unprovided with this. Their heads are without type and are painted after an artificial standard of beauty,—a congealed model of the schools. No deep sentiment distinguishes their expressions, their gestures, or their groups. But it must not be forgotten that their author created them in the ardent joy of work, in the passionate love of the beautiful, and that he has expressed them in the most sure, the most serene, the most pure of plastic language. In short, one can say of him that he has more knowledge than richness of nature, more method and experience than temperament and inspiration. But he has always upheld the most elevated ideals of art, his instruction has always been of the highest—instruction at times too difficult for himself to follow.

Nevertheless, the innumerable criticisms which have been showered upon him have often had to do merely with his style, and more often still with his subject. They have indicated unending grudge against him for his impeccable correctness, his laborious perfection, his experience which is never at fault. The critics have grown tired of hearing him extolled for his profound knowledge of the method of painting, just as the Athenians were wearied to hear Aristides forever called "The Just." Many revolutionists cannot pardon him for his attachment to the traditions. But, guardian of the Palladium of Art against pernicious tendencies, teacher of solid acquirements too rare nowadays, the master who is so warmly enamoured of the ideal has pursued it not unsuccessfully in a large number of works which are a great honor to the French school. Goethe said, "Art—it is the simple and the sane." Can that definition be denied to the talent of Bouguereau, so nobly simple in his methods, so frankly sane in his high moral conception of art?—FROM THE FRENCH

R. MÉNARD 'PORTFOLIO' 1875

TO be inclined to paint pretty faces is surely not a grave defect, and yet the often excessive severity of French criticism towards M. Bouguereau bears almost in every case upon the prettiness of his faces or the rather conventional cleanliness of his execution. We admit that a little more frankness in the touch would give to his painting a reality which sometimes is wanting. Rusticity is not with this painter an instinctive sentiment, and if he paints a patched petticoat he yet suggests an exquisitely clean figure; the naked feet he gives to his peasant-women seem to be made rather for elegant boots than for rude sabots; and in a word, it is as if the princesses transformed into rustics by the magic wand in the fairy-tales had come to be models for his pictures, rather than the fat-cheeked lasses whose skin is scorched by the sun, and whose shoulders are accustomed to heavy burdens. But having made this reserve, it must be acknowledged that M. Bouguereau's children are delightful, and his composition charming; his drawing is correct, even to rigidity; he possesses a gracefulness and a fecundity of invention attested by the immense number of his pictures. . . .

To sum up in a few words our impression of the painter's characteristics,—whether he paints mythological subjects or rustic scenes, M. Bouguereau al-

ways exhibits three qualities which justify his reputation: knowledge, taste, and refinement.

C. H. STRANAHAN 'A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING'

BOUGUEREAU has been called by his admirers preëminently the painter of flesh. Critics, of more technical leanings, do not agree with this enthusiasm, it should be said. He certainly produces in flesh-painting surfaces so smooth that they seem waxed or enameled. He makes "figures in faience." . . . But knowledge, taste, and refinement are his constant qualities, and from these he derives a constantly serene elegance of manner. He was early imbued with the value of the classic line and the academic figure, and his skill in composition is always marked. Many of his compositions are delightful considered as pure arabesques. In the sharply defined differences and the hot discussions of principles maintained during his early years, he was enlisted, through the influence of his teacher of drawing at the College of Pons, on the side of the followers of Ingres before he was old enough to judge of its merits. . . .

All the tendencies of his art instruction had prepared him to follow in the direction of the great masters. With this influence he combined a decided taste for mythology, shown by his pictures both then and later. But at the close of his four years' pensionate (1854) he produced 'The Body of St. Cecilia borne to the Catacombs.' His fame dates from this. It is now in the Luxembourg, where he also has a 'Birth of Venus,' of 1879. But he did not touch the hearts of the people until he painted, or rather conventionally idealized, the country characters of his own land and time. His treatment of these is the very opposite of that of Millet: he introduces elegance into his rendering even of a barefooted peasant. Imposing line, so thoroughly impressed upon him by his training, dignity of bearing, agreeable disposition of masses, enter into all his renderings of these subjects, until "they seem like rustics transformed into princesses"—for it is woman that usually forms his subject. But this execution imposes itself, and stands between the characters and the observer. This treatment renders his practice somewhat that of the neo-grecs, familiar in incident, classic in execution; but his qualities are better adapted to less realistic subjects, and with him, as with Cabanel and others, the renewal in classic forms of the ideal treatment has become, instead of the neo-grec, the more formal academic. In Bouguereau's works it maintains high value. His composition is always fine, his color clear and fresh, if neither rich nor subtle, his drawing "faultily faultless"—"despairingly perfect," sigh his fellow-artists, who nevertheless distrust its finish as being for finish's sake. And in sentiment his figures are so placid and sincerely destitute of feeling hat he has often been accused of painting the merely pretty. However, it is not the trivial, and his pictures always possess the charm of that elegance which invariably confers true distinction. . . .

Bouguereau was early a successful decorator. On his return from the Villa Medici in 1854 he decorated the drawing-room of M. Bartoloni, then the Hôtel Péreire, and the churches of St. Clotilde and St. Augustin. He follows

out all his aptitudes in art with assiduity, and thus has acquired a wonderful success. So great is this that he may be said to hold the public in allegiance to a style it was turning from, to the classic practice it was condemning, and to stay it in its haste to pay fealty to the impressionists and the realists. The honors which are loaded upon him, while he serenely upholds the banner of the classicists, prove that the age still has appreciation for the historical and academic style. He is member and president of the Academy of Painting of the Institute, and, in 1885, owing to that section having its turn in precedence, became president of the entire Institute. This appreciation is also attested by the statement of publishers that he is a "*porte-bonheur*," or charm of success, that they earnestly seek to secure for their illustrated works.

CARROLL BECKWITH 'THE COSMOPOLITAN' 1890

IT is perhaps in his treatment of form that Bouguereau finds his most intelligent admirers, as it is generally conceded to be his greatest excellence. It is obvious from his work that he has applied himself with unremitting devotion to the study of form in the human figure, as exemplified by grace of line and extreme charm of proportion. His treatment of the delicate loveliness of children is unrivalled. . . .

No detail is unworthy of his careful and intelligent attention, each accessory being as completely studied before its execution upon the final canvas as the most important figure. In the drawing of hands and feet the observer is ever reminded of the masterly study which must have preceded such results. His range of subjects has embraced both Christian and pagan history, together with many flights of pure ideal fancy, and often a rendering of Italian or French peasant life, imbued with a decorative and poetic character which strongly appealed to the painter. In this latter class of work it is often impossible to detect the reality or local color of the spot chosen, owing to the impress of sentiment brought to bear upon it.

Few men have been able to maintain such a continuous, uninterrupted career of even production. Few poets or painters possess so patient a muse. Periods of change in temperament or transitions of thought make radical changes in manner of work or choice of subjects; as for example the earlier manner of Raphael or Velasquez, differing completely from that of their later works. Not so with M. Bouguereau. The evenness and continuance of his style have been remarkable. I do not wish to imply that differences of merit do not exist in his work, for, indeed, these differences have on several occasions been most pronounced.

In most of his pictures I am impressed by the great beauty of drawing—above all, in the extremities. The hands and feet are marvels of grace and proportion, while the movements of the figures and the unity of the compositions show a scholarly science and poetic discernment in which, possibly, his only rival was his friend and schoolmate Cabanel.

As to technical execution there is little to say. It is marked by uniform completeness and great delicacy. His style is simple and direct. Tones are obtained without over-painting or glaze. No attempt is made at extreme rich-

ness or quality. That which expresses in the simplest and clearest manner his idea is the method employed. No ardor of feeling entrances him and leads him away from the even poise of his deliberate purpose. The intensity of research in color or light is without the pale of his self-imposed precision.

The spirit of the severe classic detail is too cold and abstract for Bouguereau's more amiable artistic nature. *Le juste milieu*, among extremes of temperament and method, is the course of this able master. Here may lie the secret of his great popularity. The public does not like the jar and shock of temperaments like Tintoretto or Courbet. A suave and graceful style, so harmoniously attuned to popular thought that insensibly it elevates to an atmosphere not cold enough to give a chill, yet above the commonplace, improves public taste and gains many warm adherents. The scholarly choice of nearly all of his subjects, and the delicate ideality of their rendering, have appealed to the cultured classes of all lands. The art of both Bouguereau and Cabanel has had a strong influence on the modern French school. Arriving at the summit of their fame in early years, they have been examples of both professional and pecuniary prosperity which have inspired many followers. Yet it is surprising to see how few obtain similar successes.

MARIUS VACHON 'W. BOUGUEREAU'

PORTRAITS hold a considerable place among the works of Bouguereau. Often divided in their opinions of his religious, mythologic, and genre pictures, critics have nearly always been unanimous in praise of his portraits. Classicists and romanticists, reactionaries and innovators, all have praised without reserve the qualities of drawing, of color, the power of expression. . . .

Few artists of our time have represented childhood with more tenderness, charm, and spirit than W. Bouguereau. To portray the naïveté, the malice, the smiles or the caresses, of these dear little ones, to express the rose and white flesh tones, the curly hair, the attitudes, the gestures, so simple, so ingenuous, so graceful, he has invented the most picturesque, the most pleasing, the most original scenes, of an almost endless variety. . . .

In his religious pictures, as in those of mythology and of fancy, feminine beauty is the permanent ideal of the artist. His Madonnas and his saints are sisters of his nymphs and his goddesses; his angels are brothers of his Loves. Following the example of the masters, from Phidias to Raphael, for whom the expression of beauty was the purest homage rendered by the creature to the Divine, and the most delicate joy given to mankind, he has always shown in his Virgins the glorification of Woman and Child, and his constant concern was to give them the greatest of nobleness, of charm, and of serenity.

In the religious works of Bouguereau a special type of Madonna dominates, —that of a woman grave and sad, with large eyes half covered by drooping lids or lost in the vague of a mysterious contemplation. The figure is enveloped in loose garments with severe folds, the head covered by a thick veil allowing no view of hair or breast. But in most of the compositions where this type figures, the artist has opposed to this melancholy the smiling visages of angels with golden hair falling on their shoulders, clothed in robes of azure

and of rose, whose tender regard caresses the child Jesus like a strain of celestial music. These seraphic figures with which he has filled his religious pictures are so fresh, so delicate, that it seems as if Bouguereau is for our day a sort of lay Fra Angelico, living in a profound retreat, impenetrable to the prosaic agitations of the world, sheltered from the brutal realities, and whose calm solitude lets him bloom freely,—a candid and naïve imagination in an atmosphere of sweet mysticism where all is clear, tender, and happy.—FROM THE FRENCH

W. C. BROWNELL 'FRENCH ART'

IT is a source of really esthetic satisfaction to see everything that is attempted as well done as it is in the works of such painters as Bouguereau and Cabanel. Of course the feeling that denies them large importance is a legitimate one. The very excellence of their technique, its perfect adaptedness to the motive it expresses, is, considering the insignificance of the motive, subject for criticism; inevitably it partakes of the futility of its subject-matter. Of course the personal value of the man, behind any plastic expression, is, in a sense, the measure of the expression itself. If it be a mind interested in "pouncet-box" covers, in the pictorial setting forth of themes whose illustration most intimately appeals to the less cultivated and more rudimentary appreciation of fine art,—as indisputably the Madonnas and Charities and Oresteses and Bacchus Triumphs of M. Bouguereau do,—one may very well dispense himself from the duty of admiring its productions. Life is short, and more important things, things of more significant import, demand attention. The grounds on which the works of Bouguereau and Cabanel are admired are certainly insufficient. But they are experts in their sphere. What they do could hardly be better done. If they appeal to a *bourgeois*, a Philistine ideal of beauty, of interest, they do it with a perfection that is pleasing in itself. No one else does it half so well. To minds to which they appeal at all, they appeal with the force of finality; for these they create as well as illustrate the type of what is admirable and lovely. It is as easy to account for their popularity as it is to perceive its transitory quality. But not only is it a mark of limitation to refuse all interest to such work . . . in the painting of which a vast deal of technical expertness is enjoyably evident, and which in every respect of motive and execution is far above similar things done elsewhere than in France; it is a still greater error to confound such painters as M. Cabanel and M. Bouguereau with other painters whose classic temperament has been subjected to the universal romantic influence equally with theirs, but whose production is as different from theirs as is that of the thorough and pure romanticists, the truly poetic painters.

The Works of Bouguereau

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE VIRGIN OF CONSOLATION' PLATE I

IT was sometime after the death of his first wife that Bouguereau sent to the Salon of 1877 the 'Virgin of Consolation' (La Vierge Consolatrice) now in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. "The canvas gained a vital success, and it has never," says M. Sonolet, "lost its early popularity. In it is found the influence of the Byzantine, but the smooth, fine brush of Bouguereau admirably suits these representations of sacred or symbolic personages, against their gold or marble backgrounds. In this canvas the Virgin, seated and draped in red and blue according to ancient custom, is lifting her hands, which are spread open, the hierarchical gesture giving her a distinction that is striking in its impression of solemn peace.

"The mother thrown upon the knees of the Virgin, weeping for her child, and the little baby figure stretched out upon the marble step are also as remarkable for the surety of the drawing as for the superiority of the modeling. It is a work of high inspiration and of irreproachable execution."

Bouguereau sold this composition to the French government for 12,000 francs, having previously refused more than double that sum from a private would-be purchaser. It measures twelve feet eleven inches high by ten feet five and one half inches wide.

'INNOCENCE' PLATE II

BOUGUEREAU was never happier than when painting such subjects as this, with its graceful, slender maiden, its sleepy, chubby baby, and its wee lamb. His detractors call these ideal pictures of his too pretty, too smooth, too unreal. But all have admitted his impeccable drawing, his grace in composition, his surety of handling.

The scene represents a young girl dressed in a semi-classic style, with her mantle falling over her head and caught up about her waist. Her bare foot shows beneath her underskirt, her blouse is low about her neck, and her full sleeves are slipped back, showing her shapely arm almost to the elbow. Within her arms, a burden whose weight she apparently scarcely feels, are a nude baby fast asleep and a little white lamb with wide-open regardful eye. The charming fall of the drapery in straight, simple folds, the easy, natural pose of the delicate, slight, girlish form, the excellent drawing of hands and feet,—all these are attributes found over and over again in the Frenchman's works.

'GIRL WITH CHERRIES' PLATE III

A VERY roguish bit of mischief is the small Brittany maid shown sitting on the high wall with her spoil of cherries. Back of the wall are the trees and shrubs of a rich garden, a garden whose prototype was to be found stretching out from Bouguereau's old house in La Rochelle. It was into this garden that

the children of his peasant neighbors were beguiled to serve as models for the painter, a task which they enjoyed as much as the "Patron" himself. The mothers all complained that M. Bouguereau spoiled their children, and the laughing eyes and mouth of the barefoot tot here do not belie the accusation. Like all the rest of his genre pictures, this one of the little cherry-gatherer is a transcription, not from nature, but from the ideal which nature had suggested to the artist. The comparative insignificance of his actual models to Bouguereau is indicated by a story which is at least characteristic. A visitor to his studio surprised him romping with a curly-headed cherub of a baby, while all about on the floor were sheets of exquisite drawings of *bambini*. Laughing, the painter explained that the small rascal dancing wildly about was such a "*mauvais sujet*" that he had had to go to the Louvre to get drawings for the picture for which the tot was supposed to be posing! "I could only use him for the color," he added. Even the color, critics have remarked, however, is scarcely the color which the sun and wind of Brittany shores would produce.

The picture was painted in 1897, when Bouguereau was over seventy years old. The handling is as firm and clear and smooth as his earliest works.

'THE HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST' PLATE IV

THIS picture, showing the three faithful women at the tomb of their crucified Master, Bouguereau finished in 1890, and exhibited that year at the Salon des Champs-Elysées. It is now in the Antwerp Museum.

Before a massive stone entrance of severely classic lines the three heavily draped women are gathered in awestruck amaze. The one at the right is kneeling beside the huge rock which had blocked the opening but is now rolled quite away. She is back to and one hand rests on the rock; the other holds a large vessel against her side. Next her is the second woman, also kneeling, her face in profile, her hands clasped at her neck, her gaze riveted upon the open portal. Pressed against the wall of stone, beneath the square-cut arch, the third friend stands upright, motionless as the rock, her eyes too fastened upon the scene in front. There before them, within the tomb that is filled with a brilliant light, stands the angel, his wings stretching far up above his head, his arms lifted as he tells the wondrous news.

"Never," says M. Maurice Albert, "was the artist more serious, more desperately impeccable. Who, then, would give himself the useless pain of trying to find, I do not say a fault, but a hint of hesitation in the drawing, the composition, the modeling of the 'Holy Women at the Tomb'? What surety of hand and what serenity of soul! What a simply severe arrangement of figures, and what majestic impassibility! And yet," he goes on to say, "that high and mighty door of masonic architecture would scarcely represent the opening to the little vault of Joseph of Arimathea, that funeral chamber which imagination aided by the archæological discoveries and the descriptions of M. Renan shows as low and dark, cut under a projecting rock. Nor, in the three women artistically grouped, who are such well-trained models, and whose discreet tears do not disfigure their calm and gracious modern faces, can one recognize the Galilean women, Mary Magdalene, Salome, and Mary Cleophas."

'THE MADONNA WITH ANGELS' PLATE V

IT has been said of Bouguereau that at any one period of his artistic career the work of his whole life can be correctly estimated as to its scope, style, and general achievement. In other words, his paintings at the age of eighty, of sixty, of forty, of twenty, are so exactly similar in design, in execution, in style, in idea, that, without the date generally so carefully appended by the painter himself, the most acute critic might as easily place them at one as another year. There are few painters of whom this can be said. Of almost all it is true that their talent grows or it dwindles, it advances from height to height or it falls lower and lower into desuetude. Still less often, probably, can it be claimed of any one of such unceasing enthusiasm for his art, of such continuous, unending industry, as Bouguereau never failed to display. Picot, Bouguereau's first teacher in Paris, is undoubtedly partly responsible for this. Easily impressionable, with practically no experience, the young Rochellaise adopted the theories and ideals of his new teacher with all his understanding, with all his heart, and with all his imagination. From that time art to him meant one thing and one thing only: the expression of beauty as beauty is apprehended by the classicists. No later experiences ever changed either his ideal or his manner of interpreting it. Such, probably, fairly explains why the *content* of Bouguereau's paintings varied so little from decade to decade. That his technique equally was so unaltered is due to the ease with which, as a mere boy, he acquired his dexterous, smooth, polished handling of brush and pigment. The method was so admirably adapted to his ideals that, naturally, the passage of years never tempted him to change it.

'The Madonna with Angels,' reproduced in plate v, painted about sixteen years before Bouguereau's death, is a fairly typical example. In subject and in treatment it might as well have been executed soon after his return from Rome in 1854. The surety of drawing, the skill of brush-work, the smoothness of surface, the very scheme of color,—all were as inseparable a part of his youth as they were of his old age.

The Madonna is here shown standing on the clouds with the child Jesus in her arms, the holy pair surrounded by the adoring figures of baby angels. The Mother is full and rather heavily draped, her eyes are downcast, her exquisite tapering fingers are clasped tight about her precious burden. Jesus himself is nude, his little arms stretched wide as if in blessing, his big eyes and curving rose-leaf lips characteristic of the infant Christs created by Bouguereau's brush. Almost as pure in outline, and with sweetly reverent faces, are the little angels kneeling on each side, their wistful regard fixed intently on the Mother and Child. Their chubby, rounded bodies and delicate white wings are painted with all the ease, with all the softness of outline and the clearness of color, which are so integral a part of the Frenchman's art.

'CUPID LYING IN WAIT' PLATE VI

FROM a certain point of view Bouguereau had a rather extensive choice of subjects for his pictures. Religious scenes and mythologic, genre and portraits, he was as likely to paint one as another. But, with the exception of the

last-named class, the actual contents of his canvases were not so vastly different one from another. Whether he called his study of young girlhood 'Spring' or a 'Brittany Peasant Maid,' there was slight difference in the type displayed, and his round, rosy, dimpled babies were much the same whether they were little St. Johns, or angels, cupids, or the mother's first born. Perhaps he loved best of all to paint these babies when he could attach soft, white, downy wings to their pink-and-white shoulders. Then he called them little Loves or cupids, and over their rosebud mouths he spread a hint of roguish malice or of tantalizing delight.

'Cupid lying in Wait' (Amour à l' affût), here reproduced, he painted in 1890. He is all alone, the little mischief-maker, sitting quietly on a rocky bank in a forest path. But he evidently is expecting somebody before long, for he is just placing an arrow on the string of his bow, slyly preparing for a victim whom he appears already to see in the distance. His full quiver lies beside him, and one is quite sure there is no hope for the advancing one—whoever she may be. The pose of the rounded little body, the tip of the head, the line of the baby-wings just edged with sunlight,—all these are charmingly rendered, and the whole picture admirably shows Bouguereau's style and talent.

'THE SHEPHERDESS' PLATE VII

WHEN Bouguereau made pictures of the small Brittany girls who posed for him in his garden at La Rochelle he called the completed canvases Fisher Maidens, or Little Shepherdesses, or Little Beggars, as the mood struck him or as the tiny figure suggested. As a rule they were as far removed from the title he bestowed upon them as the living prototypes were from their pictured duplicates. They are never dressed in grand clothes, these small maidens of the country lanes, these sturdy daughters of the Brittany fisher-folk. Their feet are always bare, their clothes are the simple French peasant skirt and blouse, even showing here and there a neat patch or two. But, as M. Sonolet observes, "they have the feet and hands of duchesses." Their skin is too soft and delicately rosy, their curly locks might have just come from the hands of a fashionable hair-dresser. Their very clothes, in spite of their simplicity, have an immaculate freshness and newness, as if donned for the first time,—all of which Bouguereau himself would probably have quite agreed with. It was never his desire to paint the gay little peasant lasses exactly as they were, with the soil of the road on their hastening feet, with the berry or fish stains rubbed into their aprons and skirts, with their stubby, grimy hands and tousled, roughened hair. "He never tried," continues M. Sonolet, "either exactly to represent the characters before him or to reproduce the types of a certain class. He made for himself an abstract image of beautiful forms, completely independent, so to speak, of anything that could affect or modify it. In his way of rendering nature a considerable part of it is purely subjective. He never stops with things exactly as they are. He cannot help idealizing all he touches."

These criticisms are entirely applicable to this panel called 'The Shepherdess' (Bergère) which Bouguereau painted in 1887. The small girl stands lean-

ing easily and gracefully on her tall staff, while the sheep graze contentedly in the field behind. With her beautiful large eyes, her dark wavy hair, her handsomely shaped hands and arms, she is such a shepherdess, surely, as no Briton maid of the fields could ever hope to be. But like all Bouguereau's work, the drawing, the construction, and the composition are, as the French critics say often so complainingly, "impeccable."

'BROTHER AND SISTER' PLATE VIII

NOT unlike the 'Shepherdess' (plate VII) in type is the young Brittany peasant maid in this picture, with her rather straight brows over large dark eyes, her irregular well-marked nose and full lips, and her slightly fleshy chin. She is shown sitting on a bank at the edge of a forest, clad in a short red skirt and striped apron, white waist, and the large white Brittany cap and cape. Her arms are about her little brother, who is perched on her knee, his bare legs showing beneath his blue skirt, each of his chubby hands holding a big red apple. A red cap on the back of his head, and the purple sleeves of his waist, add to the bright effect of the color scheme. The beautiful tapering fingers of the sister, and her immaculate if simple peasant dress, the waxily perfect bare feet of both of them,—all are characteristic of Bouguereau, who when he painted the children of his peasant neighbors at La Rochelle apparently never saw the grime of the fields, the soil of the roadside, that must have left their traces on both clothes and body.

The canvas was bequeathed to the Metropolitan Art Museum of New York, in 1887, by Miss Katharine Lorillard Wolfe. It was painted by Bouguereau in 1871, and measures four feet two inches high by almost three feet wide.

'SONGS OF SPRING' PLATE IX

WITH the blossoming forest behind her and with flowering vines at her feet, the dark-haired maiden in this picture sits with parted, smiling lips, her eyes wide and wistful, listening to the whispers of the two little Loves. She holds a branch of apple-blossoms across her lap, while her chin rests on the back of her right hand, her elbow on her knee. Her drapery is conventional, of the Greek order of flowing lines and folds, showing her bare arms and a bit of her white throat. The two little white-winged Loves who are poised just above the grass, one on each side of her, are typical Bouguereau babies, with their rounded arms, their pink-and-white flesh, their curly golden hair. Each one is intent upon his work of whispering all the mysteries of spring he knows into the willing ear of the maiden.

Because of their open frank little faces, their ingenuous gestures, and their exquisite little limbs, certain French critics as well as the general public have been captivated by the baby angels and baby Loves depicted by Bouguereau. They have been compared by certain writers to the *bambini* of Raphael and Andrea del Sarto.

The subject of this picture was a favorite with the French painter,—this of fair maid and softly modeled infant forms,—and he has made many variations upon it.

'THE TRIUMPH OF MARTYRDOM' PLATE X

THIS picture, which is now in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, was Bouguereau's last work while still a student in the French Academy at Rome. It was exhibited at the Salon in Paris in 1854, and from that day the young painter's triumph was assured.

St. Cecilia, whose entombment in the catacombs is the subject of the composition, was a Roman maiden living in the third century. Her parents had secretly become Christians, and from her earliest youth she was devoted to the religious life. Through her influence, her husband, a rich Roman noble to whom she was married when only sixteen, also became a Christian, and so long as they lived they devoted their time, money, and strength to the help of the poor and suffering. Both he and she were put to a martyr's death by orders of the prefect Almachius. St. Cecilia is the patron saint of music, and she is said to have invented the organ. So sweet were her songs, continues the legend, that angels came to listen to her.

The moment depicted shows the white-robed figure of the fair young martyr borne in the arms of some of the faithful into the underground vaulted chambers, where she was to be laid beside her husband. Men and women in the conventional long robes and cloaks of the Rome of the day are gathered about, some on their knees, some standing. One man is prostrate, thrown forward on the step below her, and a young mother beside him holds her baby up to be blessed by the sight of the beautiful dead saint. At the right, the man who holds a torch in his left hand while he points to the body with his right is a portrait of the painter Henri Regnault.

"St. Cecilia," says M. Marcel, "is Bouguereau's best work in firmness of drawing and strength of tone." M. Jahyer writes of it that, "full of devotion, it was one of the best pictures ever sent from the Villa Medici. It contained more than hope. Already in it could be discerned an artistic temperament not alone vigorous and striking, but solid, sure of itself, and of an exquisite delicacy. The subject was well chosen and adapts itself admirably to painting. . . . The types are elevated, the figures distinguished. The figures who hold the principal places are not merely conventional accessories. They are all necessary to the composition and express an ardent devotion. The execution is already easy, the drawing correct, the painting frank, with no overloading of colors or glazes—one touch had been enough to give the needed effect. The tone of the whites is particularly remarkable."

The picture measures ten feet five and a half inches high by twelve feet eleven inches wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY BOUGUEREAU IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

THIS list includes only the more important pictures in collections which are accessible to the public. The large majority of Bouguereau's works (which, excluding his mural decorations, number nearly five hundred) are in private collections, and are not only difficult to trace, but are constantly changing hands. M. Marius Vachon in his monograph on Bouguereau gives the titles of all the painter's compositions.

BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: The Holy Women at the Tomb of Christ (Plate IV); Portrait of Bouguereau (see page 400) — GHENT MUSEUM: Bather — LOO, ROYAL CHÂTEAU: Merchant of Pomegranates — ENGLAND. BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY: Charity — FRANCE. BORDEAUX MUSEUM: All Souls' Day; A Bacchante teasing a Goat — BORDEAUX, GRAND-THÉATRE, CONCERT HALL: (mural decoration) [CEILING] Apollo and the Muses singing before the Gods on Olympus; Allegorical figures representing Military Music, Pastoral Music, Lyric Music, Religious Music; Genii carrying Instruments of Music; (medallions) Portraits of Meyerbeer, Rossini, Halévy, Auber, Beethoven, Mozart, Grétry, Gluck, Weber, Haydn, Boieldieu, Hérold, Ride, Garat — DIJON MUSEUM: Copy of Raphael's Galatea; Return of Tobias — LA ROCHELLE MUSEUM: Ulysses recognized by his Foster-mother on his return to Troy; Portrait of Mlle. Lanusse; Portrait of Mme. Lanusse; Portrait of M. Lanusse — LA ROCHELLE CATHEDRAL, CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN: [CEILING] Assumption; [six arches] Visitation, Annunciation, Nativity, Flight into Egypt, Fainting of Virgin, Pietà — LA ROCHELLE, MME. MOULUN'S RESIDENCE: (mural decoration) Four Seasons — PARIS, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY: Virgin of Consolation (Plate I); Philomela and Procne; Youth and Love; Birth of Venus; The Triumph of Martyrdom (Plate X) — PARIS, BARTHOLONI MANSION: (mural decorations) [CEILING] Allegory of Music; [CEILING] History of Cupid and Psyche; (panels) Muses; The Ode; Song; History and Astronomy; Dance and Music; Tragedy and Comedy; Poetry and Elegance; Love demanding his Arms; Love Chastised — PARIS, MANSION OF BARTHOLONI, JUNIOR: (mural decorations) [CEILING] Two allegorical figures; (panels) Fortune, Friendship, Love, Arion upon a Dolphin, Bacchante upon a Panther; Scenes of Autumn and Scenes of Spring — PARIS, PÉREIRE MANSION: (mural decorations) [CEILING] Day and Night; Four Seasons; [ARCHES] Flora, Ceres, Pomona, Vesta; (medallions) Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter — PARIS, CHURCH OF STE. CLOTILDE, CHAPEL OF ST. LOUIS: (panels) St. Louis as Judge, St. Louis bringing the Crown of Thorns to Paris, St. Louis aiding the Plague-stricken; Last Communion of St. Paul; Faith; Hope; Charity; Temperance; Justice; Prudence — PARIS, CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE, CHAPEL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL: (panels) St. Peter baptizing a Catechumen; St. Paul teaching the Christian doctrine to a Young Woman and a Man; The Two Apostles before an Altar in Act of Blessing; [CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST] Preaching of St. John in the Desert; Baptism of Jesus; Herodius receiving Head of Baptist — PARIS, CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT-DE-PAUL, CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN: (panels) Marriage of the Virgin; Annunciation; Visitation; Adoration of Shepherds; Adoration of Kings; Flight into Egypt; Jesus meeting his Mother on Road to Calvary; Christ on Cross — PARIS, IMPERIAL PRINTING-OFFICE: Illustration of the Testament according to St. Luke — PARIS, MINISTRY OF STATE: Visit of Emperor Napoleon to the Flooded Inhabitants of Tarascon — PARIS, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES: Holy Family — HOLLAND. THE HAGUE, GALLERY OF THE ROYAL PALACE: After the Bath — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of the Artist — UNITED STATES. CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Two Bathers; Girl of Granada — CINCINNATI MUSEUM: Girl eating Porridge — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Brother and Sister (Plate VIII) — NEW YORK, HOFFMAN HOUSE: Nymphs and Satyrs — PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY: Orestes pursued by the Furies.

Bouguereau Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH BOUGUEREAU

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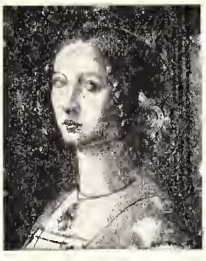

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